



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST OF COWARDICE" 1925 by the BOES-REIDELL COMPANY

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

I issued a clear statement of the situation; I showed in minute detail how the people standing together under the leadership of the honest men of property could easily force the big bandits to consent to an honest, just, rock-founded, iron-bulwarked reconstruction. My statement appeared in all the morning papers throughout the land. Turn back to it; read it. You will say that I was right. Well—

Toward two o'clock Inspector Crawford came into my private office, escorted by Joe. I saw in Joe's seamed, green-gray face that some new danger had arisen. "You've got to get out of this," said he. "The mob in front of our place fills the three streets. It's made up of crowds turned away from the suspended banks."

I remembered the sullen faces and the hisses as I entered the office that morning earlier than usual. My windows were closed to keep out the street noises; but now that my mind was up from the work in which I had been absorbed, I could hear the sounds of many voices, even through the thick plate glass.

"We've got 200 policemen here," said the inspector. "Five hundred more are on the way. But—really, Mr. Blacklock, unless we can get you away, there'll be serious trouble. These damn newspapers! Every one of them denounced you this morning, and the people are in a fury against you."

I went toward the door. "Hold on, Matt," cried Joe, springing at me and seizing me. "Where are you going?"

"To tell them what I think of them," replied I, sweeping him aside. For my blood was up, and I was enraged against the poor cowardly fools.

"For God's sake don't show yourself!" he begged. "If you don't care for your own life, think of the rest of us. We've fixed a route through buildings and under streets up to Broadway. Your electric is waiting for you there."

"It won't do," I said. "I'll face 'em—it's the only way." I went to the window, and was about to throw up one of the sunblinds for a look at them; Crawford stopped me. "They'll stone the building and then storm it," said he. "You must go at once, by the route we've arranged."

"Even if you tell them I'm gone, they won't believe it," replied I. "We can look out for that," said Joe, eager to save me, and caring nothing about consequences to himself. But I had unsettled the inspector.

"Send for my electric to come down here," said I. "I'll go out alone and get in it and drive away."

"That'll never do!" cried Joe. "You're right, Mr. Blacklock. It's a bare chance. You may take 'em by surprise. Again, some fellow may yell and throw a stone and—" He did not need to finish.

Joe looked wildly at me. "You mustn't do it, Matt!" he exclaimed. "You'll precipitate a riot, Crawford. If you permit this."

But the inspector was telephoning for my electric. Then he went into the adjoining room, where he commanded a view of the entrance. Silence between Joe and me until he returned.

"The electric is coming down the street," said he. "I'm ready." "Wait until the other police get here," advised Crawford.

"If the mob is in the temper you describe," said I, "the less that's done to irritate it the better. I must go out as if I hadn't a suspicion of danger."

The inspector eyed me with an expression that was highly flattering to my vanity. "I'll go with you," said Joe, starting up from his stupor.

"No," I replied. "You and the other fellows can take the underground route, if it's necessary."

"It won't be necessary," put in the inspector. "As soon as I'm rid of you and have my additional force, I'll clear the streets." He went to the door. "Wait, Mr. Blacklock, until I've had time to get out to my men."

Perhaps ten seconds after he disappeared I, without further words, put on my hat, lit a cigar, shook Joe's wet, trembling hand, left in it my private keys and the memorandum of the combination of my private vault. Then I walked forth.

I had always had a ravenous appetite for excitement, and I had been in many a tight place; but for the first time there seemed to me to be an equilibrium between my internal energy and the outside situation. As I stepped from my street door and glanced about me, I had no feeling of danger. The whole situation seemed so simple. There stood the electric, just across the narrow stretch of sidewalk; there were the 200 police, under Crawford's orders, scattered everywhere through the crowd, and good-naturedly jostling and pushing to create distraction. Without haste, I got into my machine. I calmly met the gaze of those thousands, quiet as so many barrels of gunpowder before the explosion. The chauffeur turned the machine.

"Go slow," I called to him. "You might hurt somebody." But he had his orders from the inspector. He suddenly darted ahead at full speed. The mob scattered in every direction, and we were in Broadway, bound up town full tilt, before I or the mob realized what he was about.

I called to him to slow down. He paid not the slightest attention. I leaned from the window and looked

and jollers permitted to be brought aboard—not until the last hope of turning Wild Week to the immediate public advantage had spluttered out like a lost man's last match, did I think of benefiting myself, of seizing the opportunity to strengthen myself for the future. On Monday morning I said to Sgt. Mulholland: "I want to go ashore at once and send some telegrams."

The sergeant is one of the detective bureau's "dress-suit men." He is by nature phlegmatic and cynical. His experience has put over that a veneer of weary politeness. We had become great friends during our enforced inseparable companionship. For Joe, who looked on me somewhat as a mother looks on a brilliant but erratic son, had, as I soon discovered, elaborated a wonderful programme for me. It included a watch on me day and night, lest, through rage or despondency, I should try to do violence to myself. A fine character, that Joe! But, to return, Mulholland answered my request for shore-leave with a soothing smile. "Can't do it," he said. "Our orders are positive. But when we put in at New London and send ashore for further instructions, and for the papers, you can send in your messages."

"As you please," said I. And I gave him a cipher telegram to Joe—an order to invest my store of cash, which meant practically my whole fortune, in the gilt-edged securities that were to be had for cash at a small fraction of their value. This on the Monday after Wild Week, please note. I would have helped the people to deliver themselves from the bondage of the bandits. They would not have it. I would even have sacrificed my all in trying to save them in spite of themselves. But what is one sane man against a stampeded multitude of maniacs? For confirmation of my distastefulness, I point to all those weeks and months during which I waged costly warfare on "The Seven," who would gladly have given me more than I now have, could I have been

one opinion never have been won—in the graveyards. Alive and about and armed, and true to my cause, I am the dreaded menace to systematic and respectable robbery. What possible good could have come of mobs killing me and the bandits dividing my estate?

But why should I seek to justify myself? I care not a rap for the opinion of my fellow men. They sought my life when they should have been hailing me as a deliverer; now, they look up to me because they falsely believe me guilty of an infamy.

My guards expected to be recalled on Tuesday. But Mulholland heard what Crawford had done about me, and straightaway used his influence to have me detained until the new grip of the old gang was secure. Saturday afternoon we put in at Newport for the daily communication with the shore. When the launch returned, Mulholland brought the papers to me, lounging aft in a mass of cushions under the awning. "We are going ashore," said he. "The order has come."

I had a sudden sense of loneliness. "I'll take you down to New York," said I. "I prefer to land my guests where I shipped them."

As we steamed slowly westward I read the papers. The country was rapidly readjusting itself, was returning to the conditions before the upheaval. The "financiers"—the same old gang, except for a few of the weaker brethren ruined and a few strong outsiders, who had slipped in during the confusion—were employing all the old, familiar devices for deceiving and robbing the people. The upset milking-stool was righted, and the milk was seated again on busy, the good old cow standing without so much as shake of horn or switch of tail. "Mulholland," said I, "what do you think of this business of living?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Blacklock," said he. "I used to fess and fret a good deal about it. But I don't any more. I've got a house up in the Bronx, and a bit of land round it. And there's Mr. Mulholland and four little Mulhollands and me—that's my country and my party and my religion. The rest is off my beat, and I don't give a damn for it. I don't care which fakir gets to be president, or which swindler gets to be rich. Everything works out somehow, and the best any man can do is to mind his own business."

"Mulholland—Mrs. Mulholland—four little Mulhollands," said I, reflectively. "That's about as much as one man could attend to properly. And—you are 'on the level,' aren't you?"

"Some say honesty's the best policy," replied he. "Some say it isn't. I don't know, and I don't care, whether it is or it isn't. It's my policy. And we six seem to have got along on it so far."

I sent my "guests" ashore the next morning. "No, I'll stay aboard," said I to Mulholland, as he stood aside for me to precede him down the gangway from the launch. I went into the watch-pocket of my trousers and drew out the folded two \$1,000-bills I always carried—it was a habit formed in my youthful, gambling days. I handed him one of the bills. He hesitated.

"For the four little Mulhollands," I urged.

He put it in his pocket. I watched him and his men depart with a heavy heart. I felt alone, horribly alone, without a tie or an interest. Some of the morning papers spoke respectfully of me as one of the strong men who had ridden the flood and had been landed by it on the heights of wealth and power. Admiration and envy lurked even in sneers at my "unscrupulous plotting." Since I had wealth, plenty of wealth, I did not need character. Of what use was character in such a world except as a commodity to exchange for wealth?

"Any orders, sir?" interrupted my captain. I looked round that vast and vivid scene of sea and land activities. I looked along the city's titanic skyline—the mighty fortresses of trade and commerce piercing the heavens and flinging to the wind their black banners of defiance. I felt that I was under the walls of hell itself.

"To get away from this," replied I to the waiting captain. "Go back down the Sound—to Dawn Hill."

Yes, I would go to the peaceful, soothing country, to my dogs and horses and those faithful servants bound to me by our common love for the same animals. "Men to cross swords with, to amuse oneself with," I mused; "but dogs and horses to live with." I pictured myself at the kennels—the joyful uproar the instant instinct warned the dogs of my coming; how they would leap and bark and tremble in a very ecstasy of delight as I stood among them; how jealous all the others would be, as I selected one to caress.

"Send her ahead as fast as she'll go," I called to the captain. (To be Continued.)

Copper Will Kill All Germs

"Copper is a marvelous preventive of disease. If we returned to the old copper drinking vessels of our forefathers typhoid epidemics would disappear."

The speaker, a filtration expert, took a copper cent from his pocket.

"Examine this cent under the microscope," he said, "and you will find it altogether free from disease germs. Examine gold and silver coins and you will find them one wriggling and contorting germ mass. Yet copper coins pass through dirtier hands than gold and silver ones. You'd think they'd be alive with microorganisms. But no. Copper kills germs. Diphtheria and cholera cultures smeared on a copper cent die in less than two hours."

"They have many cholera epidemics in China, but certain towns are always immune. These towns keep their drinking water in great copper vessels. Travelers have tried to buy these vessels, for they are beautiful, but the villagers will not sell them. They have a superstition that their health and welfare depend on their retention. I wish all superstitions were as true and salutary as that."

"The workers in the Rye River copper works during the last epidemic of cholera in Massachusetts were immune, though friends and relatives

fell on all sides of them. Why were they immune? The copper, with its strange power over disease germs, protected them."

"Water alive with cholera and typhoid germs has been placed for an experiment in copper vessels and after standing seven hours this water had been found safe to drink—every germ dead."

"We should return to copper drinking vessels. Furthermore, canteens for the use of soldiers and sailors in the tropics, where cholera abounds, should be lined with copper and thus made a young man's life would be saved."

"Copper in the form of copper sulphate will kill off typhoid germs in reservoirs and great bodies of water. It has frequently been done so without harming the drinking qualities of the water in any way. Why is it, therefore, that the water in our reservoirs is not microscopically examined for disease germs every day and the germs, if they are found, killed with copper? Why, for that matter, since the copper is harmless, is not all our water before we drink it treated with copper sulphate, so that we may be sure of taking into our stomachs no living and dangerous organisms?"

TO PREVENT PANICS

SECURE ENACTMENT OF REFORM LEGISLATION.

Republican High Tariff Directly Responsible for These Periodical Disturbances to Business—Remedy in Voters' Hands.

That delighfully strenuous stand-patter, Leslie M. Shaw, now says that the cause of all panics has been traceable to financial or economical agitation, or legislation, and usually both, thus attempting to blame all panics on the Democrats. But he evidently has to falsify history to prove his contention, for all the panics since the civil war originated under Republican rule and developed under Republican legislation. The panic of 1859—Black Friday—the great panic marked by the failure of Jay Cooke & Co., in September, 1873; the panic of 1892; all commenced when the Republican party was in power, and that party alone is responsible for the financial and economical legislation, and must therefore take the blame for those business depressions.

The contention of the Republicans that the panic of 1892 should be charged to Cleveland's administration has no historical truth, for its first indications were given November 11, 1890, about 18 months after the inauguration of President Harrison, and just after the McKinley tariff bill became a law. When President Cleveland went out of office, March 4, 1899, there was an available cash balance in the United States treasury of \$273,679,979. Four years after, when President Harrison retired, March 4, 1893, the treasury books showed but \$125,630,728 available cash. But that available balance was arrived at by a change in the system of bookkeeping, and on the same methods as the books were kept under the Cleveland and prior administrations would show a deficit.

The United States treasury was virtually bankrupt on February 25, 1893, only a few days before the Democrats took charge of the government. Secretary Foster, who testified before the committee on ways and means on February 25, 1893, said: "If I eliminated these items now (federal deposits on national banks and subsidiary coin, etc.) there would be a showing of deficit." This evidence will be found in House report No. 2621, Fifty-second congress, second session.

Thus Secretary Shaw convicts his own party of being responsible for all the panics, for the financial and economic legislation in operation at the time these panics originated was enacted by the Republican party and when the McKinley and other high tariff laws were in operation, which are reputed by the Republican stand-patters to produce prosperity.

Now, the Democrats claim, and history proves their contention, that a high tariff does produce prosperity for the trusts, which are fostered and protected by the tariff, but such protection to the monopolists also results in high prices which the people have to pay. These high prices and immense profits to the trusts and monopolists, very naturally induce them to increase production of their products, but it also requires a like increase in income and wages to meet the advance in the cost of living, for the people cannot spend what they do not get. As incomes and wages have not increased in proportion to prices we now suffer from strikes in an attempt to even up income and output.

The high price of all commodities also requires more money to do business, and although there is a constantly increasing volume per capita, in consequence of the enlarged production of gold, yet the inflation is not enough to finance the trusts and corporations with their enormous capitalization which is augmented by hundreds of millions annually.

So we are now suffering from money stringency and a panic in Wall street, which is already adversely affecting business and may become more acute by October. If the Democrats elect a president next year, and the present ineptent panic should develop into hard times, Mr. Shaw and the Republicans would, of course, say the Democratic victory, or the fear of it, had disturbed business and produced the panic. Is it not about time for sensible people to get together and force the enactment of reform legislation, financial and economic, that will prevent panics by reforming the tariff that protects the trusts, prevent fictitious capitalization of corporations and by fair taxation, including a constitutional income tax, prevent the concentration of all the surplus wealth of the country in the hands of the few, upon which the many must pay interest?

The employees of the Steel trust are said to own nearly 100,000 shares of Steel trust stock, which shows an average shrinkage in the market value of about \$1,000,000 since the employees purchased it. Is that one of the signs of prosperity that the tariff has fostered?

Corporation Statesmen.

Another enterprising Republican statesman, Senator Du Pont of Delaware, is said to be in danger of being indicted criminally for conspiring to restrict trade in his connection with the powder trust. But if all the Republican United States senators who are connected with corporations are prosecuted—which is not at all likely to occur under Republican auspices—it would break a quorum of the senate. There is Guggenheimer, Aldrich—but what is the good of naming them? The people of each state know their own black sheep, and some of them peacocks in keeping these representatives of corporations and trusts where they can do the most harm.

There is not much doubt that the blundering noise from Oyster Bay is from some one who considers Gov. Glenn an interfering, if not an undesirable citizen.

Senator Foraker stands pat and calls upon the trust-ridden Republican voters of Ohio to continue to let the tariff-protected corporations plunder them.

MAKING A BLUFF

WELL-MEANING CITIZENS WHO WORK ALONG WRONG LINES.

KNOCKING THE HOME TOWN

Her Commercial Clubs Fail in Work Undertaken for the Improvement of Local Conditions.

In a western town not long since a General Call was issued to citizens to hold a Meeting for the purpose of organizing a Business Men's Association, or as the papers announced, a Commercial club. According to the Newspaper Reports of the event the meeting was a Grand Success, and some 40 or 50 prominent citizens enrolled their names as members. Thus the Commercial club was started on its career. Among the active citizens and those who were foremost in advocating the Club as an Important Thing for the welfare of the Town, were a Minister and a Lawyer. The good clergyman was made the Secretary, a Banker of the town was elected President, and the Lawyer Treasurer. As is usual with such clubs, a Constitution and By-laws were adopted; an Executive Committee appointed, and also a Hustling Committee to add Push to the club. It was outlined that by harmony and co-operation the town could be Boomed and made much Better. One of the Things desired was a Public Library. Among the other Things were Manufacturing Enterprises, a Creamery and another Elevator for the town, to compete with the one Elevator already located there.

Six months of careful labor on the part of the Commercial Club developed the fact that the efforts towards securing any of these Things were without results. There was no Library, the Creamery Proposition was considered unfavorable, as the farmers could secure more by shipping their cream out of town than the Creamery could afford to pay, and as to the Elevator, only a part of the Stock necessary for its start was subscribed. An investigation revealed that out of this very same town each day an average of more than \$200 was being sent to Outside Cities for Goods that might as well have been purchased at the home stores. It was discovered that the Minister, who was the Secretary of the Club, all the while he was Advocating Town Improvement, was quietly Working among the Members of his Flock to secure Orders for Groceries and other goods to send to a Chicago alleged co-operative concern. He was receiving five per cent. commission on all Purchases made. The Lawyer of the town, who was made the Treasurer of the Club, was sending away for the Clothes he wore, and even the Banker could not find Carpets sufficiently good in his home town, and sent away the money to a foreign place for rugs, and also a Piano that ornamented his home.

These misled Enterprising Citizens were working all along the wrong lines. While they were Anxious to Improve the Town, to start the Creamery—that, perhaps, would keep a few thousand dollars a year in the town—an Elevator that was almost unnecessary, as the one already located in the Town was capable of handling all the grain produced in the neighborhood, and would result in no saving or the bringing in of greater income, they overlooked the importance of devising means of retaining Business to the Town that was going away from it. The very ones entrusted with the Building Up of the Industries of the Place were foremost in turning over to other communities the Dollars that should be retained to improve the Home Trade, and make Wealthy the community.

Moral—It would be well for members of Commercial Clubs to take heed that the most important action for the Club to take is to Devise Means of Protecting Enterprises already established instead of gaining new Enterprises of Doubtful Utility.

FOR MAIL-ORDER TRADE.

Factories Where Adulterated and Misbranded Goods are Put Up.

A visit made a short time ago by the health officers of Chicago to a factory where canned goods were prepared for the mail-order trade, disclosed the fact that it was a rank artificial food factory. Tomato catsups were made from pumpkin pulp; fine strawberry and raspberry jam was made from glucose, starch and the only evidence of fruits were a lot of dried apple peelings and cores, which were used as a base. The seed supposed to be the berry seeds, was grass seed; the natural coloring was coal tar dyes, and in the whole thing was a fraud factory from start to finish. Several thousand cans of fruit were found. These were old, several years perhaps, and the labels dirty showing their age. From these the labels were removed and new ones put on. These goods were dead stock on the manufacturers' hands, until bought for a mere song by the mail-order concern.

Musket of His Ancestors.

A resident of Wilton, Vt., has an old musket which is said to be a relic of the days when the settlers devoted a few hours to an Indian hunt as often as occasion required. The barrel is four feet, nine inches long, and the whole weapon stands over six feet.

Charter Two Centuries Old.

Andrew M. Camp, town clerk of Durham, Conn., is in possession of the original charter of the town, dated 1708, and signed by Gov. Saltonstall, which was recently found among some old papers in the garret of one of the ancient houses at Durham.

Hard on the Pig.

A western man has succeeded in breeding what he calls a fenceless pig. This pig has only one eye, which causes him to travel in a circular direction, and thus assures his owner that he will always come home and stay away entirely with the necessity of fences.

LOCAL PRODUCE MARKETS.

How Agricultural Towns Can Assist in Preventing "Corners" in Produce.

Now and then complaint is heard of how the large packing houses and handlers of produce manipulate prices of eggs and poultry. These concerns are enabled to do this through their facilities for extensively handling goods and preserving them in their mammoth cold storage plants. Their system is to buy in the lowest market and hold the produce until the demand is such that prices reach the top notch.

It is evident that were the business men of small towns to follow out to some extent the plans of these large houses, the home market would be materially improved. In the agricultural towns merchants are the most extensive handlers of farmers' produce. This business is incidental to the mercantile business, and few merchants have proper facilities for the storing and proper care of perishable goods, therefore, immediately upon receiving supplies from the farmer, consignments are made to the commission houses in the large cities, and thus are the large commission men enabled to obtain control of the markets and to manipulate prices.

Each agricultural community produces enough poultry and eggs and miscellaneous dairy products to support a prosperous exclusive produce house. But when the articles that the farmers have for sale are distributed among a dozen or more stores, each acting independently, it is evident that highest market prices cannot be paid. The plan proposed for the organization of co-operative produce companies in each town has many desirable points in its favor. At small expense a coldstorage plant of adequate capacity to handle all perishable products of the community can be put in order. A plant of this kind, if rightly managed, would greatly improve the conditions of the local markets and higher prices could be paid for produce than the merchants could afford to pay for the same.

A number of towns in the middle west have adopted this system, and with success. Not alone have the home markets been greatly improved, but a greater volume of trade has been brought to the merchants. Should this plan be universally followed, in agricultural districts, it would lessen the opportunity for the manipulation of prices of produce, and the "cornering of the market" by the large commission and packing houses.

THERE MUST BE MERIT.

Drawing the Line in the Matter of Patronage of Home Institutions.

While it is the duty of every home loving and patriotic citizen to encourage and support home enterprise, it should be part of the principle that the home enterprises should be such as to merit support. The matter of service and of competition are important. It must be a public spirited citizen, indeed, who will willingly pay home merchants exorbitant prices for what is needed, when the same goods can be purchased in some nearby town at lower prices. The local bank should be patronized, if well conducted, and those in charge of it men of integrity and enterprise. But oftentimes there are illustrations of local industries being conducted in such unbusinesslike ways as to not win the confidence of the people in the community. Under such circumstances little censure can be given those who will seek foreign institution when they have money to deposit.

While it may be true that the smaller towns and cities do not afford unprincipled schemers the chance to conduct business, illustrations sufficient, now and then, present themselves to the people to make them cautious and perhaps prejudice them against patronizing some home institutions.

Too often it is found that insurance companies, investment concerns, banks and mercantile establishments put forth the plea of being home institutions and thus should be patronized, while in fact their methods of conduct are such as to not win the confidence of the people. Merit is an important factor in the home trade matter, and no argument can be made that will justify the people of a community giving support to institutions that are unsound, or which are managed in a way as to impose upon the residents of the community.

HELPING ALONG THE TRUSTS.

Sending Money Away from Rural Districts Assist in Making Them.

It appears as if the trusts are in the country to stay. The legislative action of the government, seems to merely mean a little more regulation. Trusts generally have their starting point in Wall street. It is to Wall street that the money earned by them goes. Each trust industry means so much more for the coffers of the multi-millionaires. It is a sorry fact that the people of the country have been for years bamboozled by trust managers, and unknowingly have been compelled to donate toward their support. That the great mail-order concern in Chicago have been backed up by Wall street capital has just become evident. Within the past few months Wall street financiers have decided to build up even greater in the mail-order business, and one concern has had its capital increased to \$10,000,000. It has been toward such a monster enterprise the people of the west have been turning their trade the past several years, and by so doing have kept western communities from advancing.

The Reason.

"In this settlement," said the Billville farmer, "we call all the literary fellows we kid ketch 'leadin' authors, because as a rule they're powerful handy at leadin' mules to water."—Atlanta Constitution.

Well, my young friends, I dare you to go home and endeavor to justify some common sense.